THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

LOVES OF THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY RUDOLPH.

THE DOCTOR TO HIS STUDENT.

"Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it."
Shakspeare.

A tale of early life I'll tell.
While I draw on my gloves—
First know you, though I'm now so well,
I once was *deadness* love

A sweet girl had the Fleetway—
She lived just o'er the way—
She sent a message in her need
I went without delay.

I used all science and all art,
From head and crear nose to heart,
Of pissed my Stethoscope on her heart,
And thought it beat for me.

I always wore a cheerful smile
When at her couch I bent—
I dosed nowadays all the while,
And never charged a cent!

And once again when she was sick,
I dositat turned, forsooth,
I waved her skillfully and quick,
And only kept the truth.

I gave her once a bottled head,
In excellent condition,
The "New Dublin Dissector," and
The "Family Physician."

To me her mind seemed busy to take
In life the highest station—
And then her form—oh, it would make
A charming "proposing" theme.

Her eyes were deeply, darkly blue,
But yet her hair was yellow—
The reddish root's the very hue,
As oft I used to tell her.

Along her forehead pure and bright,
The rich blue tracer did away—
Her veins like neck, it was as white
As petals of calicoes!

Her breath it smelled like camomile,
Whose sweets the nephew agree,
And oft a *sympathetic* sneeze
Came dancing round her lips

She had adenoeres, sir, or right,
I think at least so many—
I hand them, as children have
A dose of salts and senna!

One day I poured her on a walk,
With much deliberation,
That we might have some private talk
And hear ourselves—ourselves.

We strolled beside a roaring flood,
'Twas swelled by frequent rains,
And looked along like horsed blood
Within a rich man's veins

We saw the sun in glory sail,
After his round of duty,
But yet I think,
Too fallens for a beauty

He left the whole broad western sky
As rich as inflamed tissue—
It seemed as if the clouds on high,
Had got the scarlet fever!

My love looked more than ever fair,
And then as well and pleasant
As a patient by the ward I laid,
Have made him convalescent.

Her lovely features were at rest,
Her eyes were sweetly placid—
Yet each had learned into my breast
Like pure sulphuric acid!

"Mon A., I feel," at last I said.
"Life's cross now seems less sorrow-long,
Your heart must long have told your head
The what I now have told thee.

"The symptoms you could not mistake—
Not each prognostication
That told you that I longed to make
You my most near relation.

"For ne'er practitioner loved a fee,
No friend proud and new,
No student ever loved a spree,
The half that I love you!

"So, then, become my love, my bride—
Take, take my offered heart—
All bleeding, torn, and crucified,
By Cupid's cruel dart."

Her answer, how shall I reiterate!
Her tones were sweet as music,
But what she said in part is clear,
Then spectrumable!

My heart stood still—then I could hear
The life-blood leaving it,
And much I mumbled with the fear
Of an approaster fit.

But I recovered—then I wear
Straight home with right good will
And soon made out, in empiric sure
A long, full doctor's bill!

"Extraction," sent I, next day,
"Of tooth, your love, my sweet,
" No more how then 'much sorrow' away,
A patient, and a treat.

"Shake off my cold no load of dust—
Arouse thy spirit genial—
Don't let it be as though 't had just
Taken an opiate!

"In some things yet thy learned mind
Hath severe a doubt's disparagement,
Then should we have known all womankind
Denuntial as *Consumption*.

Then let no more misgivings have,
Let this thy noble plan be—
Be cheerful as thy wont and gaze
Profession ever can be."

Then passed my letter—I mourned it sooner,
And hastened some sighs of pain,
But did not done with incidents,
Nor out my jug'ne'en.

Upon its success I says, my lad,
I could not think with pleasure—
So I for doctorest subject had
For all my labors!

Yet all at holy eiam midnight,
When rests were hosting horror,
I wondered 'bid the tomb-stones white,
To confidence of course.

Now some advice before we part—
Oh master to be mine!
As to your *afternoon of the heart*
To such a speech no Urged!

SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES C. BROMLEY

When Summer's sultry sun, in burning rage,
Pours his bright glory o'er the fields afar,
Whose nodding tree, long since grown gray with age,
Whose laughter brought the unwilling breeze delay,
Shall be my cool retreat. On the green grass
I'll sit, and breathe the odors that rise pure,
In sweetest chaos, beneath the cooling shade
There will I draw some entertaining book,
And o'er its sweet, instructive pages look.
Or near the Muse, the much injured Maid,
Whose careless form, and inspiration rare,
Shall guide my pencil to some tender theme.
Some tragic lay, some visionary dream.
The burning noon of noon away to lose

Gems from Graham

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

MATHEW MIZZLE, Of the Inquiring Mind.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH C. NEAL.

How could he help it? Born with an inquiring turn of mind, and gifted from the first with a disposition forward upon elemental philosophy, by what processes would you undertake to change the current of Mathew Mizzle's mind? He is one of those who take nothing for granted. A weight of authority is little in his mind when compared to the personal investigation of the facts—facts for the people, and for himself as one of the people—that's the pivot on which Mathew Mizzle turns and returns, one day's thought in his mind worth volumes of speculative assumption; and to Mizzle all facts, let them relate to what they may, are of peculiar interest. He is nowise to sell himself, to accept, see, and examine for himself. Often, for instance, as he had been told that Greffendoff's big dog would kill all the aspect of strange visitations, do you think that this species of information would content the youthful Mizzle? No—he must see into the matter for himself, and ascertain it beyond the possibility of a doubt, by touching up Greffendoff's big dog with a stick, as the aforesaid big dog lay asleep in the sun, whereby the demonstration was immediately afforded. The big dog would bite—he did bite severely; and thus the little Mizzle added another fact to his magazine of knowledge, as well as an enduring scar to his person, which placed the result upon record, and kept memory fresh on the subject. One dog, at least, will bite; and thenceforth Mathew Mizzle admitted the inference that dogs are apt to bite, under circumstances congenial to such dental performances. If you doubt it, there is the stick.

"Burnee—burnee, baby," are the notes of warning often heard in the nursery, when heated stoves become an object for a little child to touch; and sometimes just learning to creep. But "burnee, burnee," conveyed no precise idea to the infantile Mizzle during his preliminary experimental operations; and in consonance with the impulses of his nature, he soon tried the stove in its most intense displays of caloric, and in this way determined that "burnee, burnee," was unpleasant to the person, and injurious to the contents and raiment of that person, to say nothing of its threatening dispositions towards the whole establishment. "Burnee, burnee," to the child as well as "burnee, burnee," to the baby. And so also as to lamps and candles—that they would "burnee." One, was placed painfully beyond the impertinent reach of a doubt in minds of the most sceptic order. Mathew Mizzle can show you the evidences to this day, scarred as it were upon the living parchment, and engrossed in characters not to be misunderstood upon the refurbisher bonding of his physical identity.

It was useless, also, to place the little Mathew at the head of the stairs, with information that any further advance on his part would prove a matter of injury. Here could he know until he had tried? Instead, if suspect warranted, he tumbles down an entire flight to satisfy his judgment on this point, and to imprint it on his mind through the medium of his bumpings; but the swiftest transition from one place to another, especially when the descent carried him to the basement, is not always the safest and the most agreeable. But afterward, none knew better than he what is meant by the word landing," as applied to the staircase. "The Landing of Columbus" may be celebrated in pictures; but Mathew Mizzle accomplished landings that made him nearly as much noise as that effected by "the world-seeking Genoese," and the voyages of both were accompanied by squalls.

But it was not by the touch alone that Mathew Mizzle sought safe information in his earlier career. His taste was boundless.

Strange bodies were subjects of the most intense interest, so that like Mithridates, he almost became proof against injury by the frequent imbibings of poison. He knew that pleasant draughts came from bottles, but had to learn that because a bottle has contents, it does not necessarily follow that these contents are either safe or agreeable. Ink, for instance—a coppers mouthful of ink—however literary one may be, ink, thus administered, is a matter over which the twisted pucker is inclined greatly to make a fuss. It did not appear so, at least, when Mathew Mizzle, in frock and trowsers, carried out that idea feelingly in his mouth, his clothing, and the carpet—so satisfied himself that he forgot to reverse the bottle, but permitted ink to pour in a steady stream right into the aperture of his lovely countenance. No one probably in the wide world ever acquired a greater variety of knowledge, in the shape of obstances of all kinds upon the human palate, than was obtained by Mathew Mizzle in the course of his earlier investigations into the positive qualities of solids and liquids. A spoonful of Cayenne pepper produced within him a sense of surprise as any thing of the same potable compass. The varied expressions of his countenance would have been a study to a Lavater. The Opera-House never witnessed a dance more remarkable for force and for expression; and it ever Mathew Mizzle was wide awake—and then on any previous occasion, it was when he had screamed himself highly with Cayenne. In made Mathew jumped to a degree that the whole thing of the same kind might have been said of him whose fate the influence of mustard. He was then the warmest boy anywhere about; and fully appreciated the cheering influence of "the cratures"—he did not open cocoa-nuts for a long time afterward, and never again to the same extent.

There was another source of trouble to Mathew Mizzle. His eyes proper were sharp enough, but the information they acquired was not sufficient to satisfy his devouring thirst for information, and therefore much of his seeing was done with the tips of his fingers, or the ends of his hands. He must touch every thing, and of course spoil many things. Leave him alone in the room for a moment, and he would open all the letters, peep into every drawer, smell at every unknown substance, displace your chairs, spoil your mantel-piece, climb up the piano-forte, and pull over the vases of flowers. If you did not have a cruel fire there of late years, he would have some secret but equally important mischief has been accomplished, though it may not be appreciated for days. The Mathew Mizzle's of the world leave their mark; and when a gun went off in his hands, the shot that fractured the mirror rendered it necessary for the man who was out of a job, as Mathew Mizzle roared with terror at "the sound himself had made."

Mathew Mizzle, good as he is now to man's estate, has perchance changed the objects of his pursuit, but the activity, both of his mind and of his body, remains undiminished. I never was able to ascertain facts. He is one of those who have ever an eye upon their neighbors. He follows people to ascertain whether they are going. It is a favorite amusement of his to peep through the blinds of an evening, to ascertain what you and your family are about. He listens at doors, and he peers through cracks, and patronizes keyholes. If he can learn nothing else, it is a satisfaction for him to ascertain what you are about to have for dinner, and who stopped in to tea. Spank ever loud in the street, and Mathew Mizzle scanters close at your elbow, but with such an unconscious look, that you would never dream that he had come near enough to hear.

No one knows better than he all about the domestic difficulties of families. His sources of information are innumerable. Sometimes you may find him on the back fence, taking observations of the domestic circle; and he has been seen of an evening up the linden-tree in front of domiciles, for similar purposes. The servants of the vicinage are all on confidential terms with Mathew Mizzle; and—have you not noted the fact?—when you would have secret discourse with a friend, Mizzle comes upon you as the knife at grey scent a battle-field. All secrets appear to hold a species of telegraphic communication with our friend Mathew Mizzle, as the fact at least, that there is a secret in existence, as well as a regard to it local habitation.

Unquestion Mathew Mizzle, yet invariably out of place. Open the door suddenly, and Mathew Mizzle is almost knocked down. Throw out a bucket of water at night, and Mathew Mizzle is there to receive its contents. Pass a stick through the key-hole, and it's Mizzle's ear that suffers the detriment. You stumble over him in dark entries—you find him lying perdu in the closet. Go where you will, there is Mizzle, if it be in the wrong place for Mizzle's presence.

Behold him prowling round the scenes to investigate something. Behold him in little consultation. There he is, just where he was told not to be, and William Tell was not in fault that his arrow had stricken Mathew Mizzle breathless. What business had Mizzle there in Switzerland, lurking near the walks of Altorf?

Mizzle's last catastrophe, like the last catastrophe of many other distinguished citizens, was effected by means of a ladder, which he had ascended cautiously by night, after the painters had left their work, to see what was going on in the chamber of a neighbor. Suddenly, there was a slip at the bottom of the aforesaid ladder, and a cudgel at the top, presenting the alternatives of a dilemma—the former and both below, what could the unfortunate Mathew Mizzle do but surrender himself as a prisoner of war? Poor Mizzle! They put him under the pump, and made him acquainted with the nature of ducks.

In this spirit runs the system of "espionage" does not obtain in America, that Mathew Mizzle might have a field for the exercise of the qualities which are necessarily developed in his vocation? It would be a perfect canon of duty and of pleasure, if no one could be employed to find out everything that goes on in town and about, and it is a great pity that means could not be devised to set so fine a young man from the waste of his genius.

"People are so fussy about their secrets," says Mizzle, when he recites his last fine-drawn secrets, it were not for the fun of finding them out and telling about them. It's mean and wicked to abridge the happiness in that way of others; and if I knew of any country where they manage matters on a different system, I'd emigrate right away, I would. It's pretty poor work, for a man under the pump, because he seeks after knowledge."

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With sweeps that long in the twilight lie,
And watery oceans and flaming streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie

But ever its shadowy borders flow
With the sons of the living, land in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear,
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly grove,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To the limits of earth and the bounds of love.

There let the chambers of guilty delight,
With the scenes of guilty fear,
The soft low voices that float through the night
Are whispering ear in the helpless ear.

Dread, in the boyhood's opening flower,
Seasons wounded from the love of children play:
The tears on whose cheeks are not the shower
That glistens in the early beams of May!

Those eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know by the morning light, that thou
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams

Light-hearted maiden, oh, land thy feet
In the Land of Dreams, for the shadows falls
And only wander where then may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace, to this world of strife,
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY MARY S. ADAMS.

"Three months' imprisonment! Height" so said Mr. Secretary Hall, as he entered the prisoner's room, and surveyed the array of seats before him. "Well, poverty is a crime punished not only by the laws of man, but of God. Why are you here?" Here am I longing for a profession which shall raise me above the influence of mankind. But not to take a stand among men; and now to purchase that profession I must "teach young ideas" till the ideas cease to be abstract. The daughters of Eve were condemned for the murder of their husbands to till lonely vessels in Tartarus—but to teach is punishment!

Harvey Hall always spoke the truth, albeit sometimes the truth a little *swollen*; so he was, as he himself confessed in a temporary reign over all children and spelling-books, in order to pursue his studies,—for the expenses of which the limited income of his parents would not suffice—and he had taken the tendency at L——, with the due acknowledgement of all his qualifications in the country newspaper.

"Some bright faces here," thought he, as his eye wandered over the rows of boys and girls before him, and rested on one with eyes bright enough to light Cupid on his way to any untenanted heart, and a mouth whose every expression of smile or of resolutions were miserable, and the boys fell of pranks—which bore are heir to; the girls were "Hall, I suppose, that you will see that—if you won't go," he added, as the desired result, from some cause, looked doubtful.

"Certainly we see it," involuntarily answered Annie to the next on her seat.

The mischief reached Mr. Hall, already mortified by the failure of the experiment.

"Miss Hinton," he exclaimed, in a loud, stern tone, "take your books, and go home."

Annie looked surprised, as well she might, and waited, as if to be sure she did not misunderstand him. The attention of the school was roused—there could be no revocation—to the mandate was repeated and obeyed.

Poor Hall! his chemical manipulations were no more successful that day; classes were called, and heard of students. The small scholars thought "it was a grand time—master did not seem to mind them;" while older ones wondered at his unwonted humor. Meanwhile his reflections were anything but agreeable. How could he have been so harsh for such a trifle, and ungentlemanly, too. All Annie's faults were the mere exuberance of a joyous heart, and she was quick to acknowledge and regret them; and yet he had not expostulated, but abruptly commanded her to leave. How she must despise him! And she had a great deal of sensibility; he had seen the color suffuse her face, and the tears glisten in her dark eyes, when a tale of sorrow or a delicious poem had excited her emotion. Perhaps she was of that very moment weeping at his harshness; and then proud of interest in Arne, albeit she was a laughter-loving spirit, stole over his memory. He thought of an evening he had lately passed at her home, when his courtesy seemed to rivet her attention, although he almost neglected her any." "There! Mary Jane has a party to-night, and I entirely forgot it until too late. Well, I have enjoyed myself better here." And he, the ingrate! here had he returned it, by such unwarrantable rudeness! She was just beginning to talk to him with rambling frankness of her books, her plans, her opening to fix study a mind as well worth it as the changing loveliness of her face—when this folly had destroyed it all. And what would her mother say? He who had never scolded him so kindly; so hospitably told him to come to him at any and at all times when he could be at leisure—what would *he* say to have his pet, at once his amusement and pride, turned out of school like any common urchin!

Oh! how the hours of school dragged. Every moment seemed to bear a weight of lead, and carry to the luckless teacher a thousand arrows poisoned by self-reproach. No sooner was his fiat of release obtained, than with mingled regret and apprehension, he ascended his steps to the parsonage. He knocked at the door, desired to see Mr. Hinton, and was accordingly shown up into his study.

"He looks as if something lay on his mind," thought the clergyman, as he saw him enter, and rose to shake hands with him. "Perhaps he is considering the concerns of his soul. Heaven help me to counsel him aright!" and there was an inward confluence and he bade him be seated, which was "weeping coals of fire" on the head of the conscience-stricken teacher.

"I assure, Mr. Hall, I am late called—regret—"

"Ah, yes," mentally ejaculated the old man, "he feels the burden of sin, and is under conviction. I see—"

"In short, sir, I am sorry to trouble you at this time, but—"

"Speak out freely, my dear young man," said his benignant listener.

"It is possible he does not know what has passed I regret to say that, vexed by the inattention of the scholars, and by whispering, in which Miss Annie Hinton engaged in her seat, I—I—I lost my temper, I fear, and struck my desk with violence—"

"Ah, yes," mentally ejaculated the old man, "he feels the burden of sin, and is under conviction. I see—"

"In short, sir, I am sorry to trouble you at this time, but I—"

"Speak out freely, my dear young man," said his benignant listener.

as unnoticed strength, or it seemed to me, and guarded his footsteps so that every effect told; and at last I looked up the bare side of the mound, where there was no fit substance for the devouring element to follow, and was safe.

"The flames swept up with a dull, heavy roar, and I sat, bewildered, collecting, breath, bewildered with an intensity and grandeur which realized to the imagination my ideas of the fiend-worshipper of nature; encircled and pented the little enclosure on which I stood, and stretched off in long lines to far or the eye could reach. I felt upon my knees, and since that terrible night I trust my knee bent a more thoughtful and a more thankful man."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a communication from Algebra, (some which we should like to insert, but have not room this type. We shall probably procure the fitting type, and furnish them to our readers. Questions of all kinds must be always accompanied by the answers. The only way to insure insertion is to insert the answer the week following the question. The Arithmetical Question, Enigma, &c. that have been sent us, shall receive due attention.

Song For Christmas. This poem, we think, is not quite good enough for the occasion.

A Sketch from Real Life, is respectfully declined.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and to send their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a paper, not pandering to religious and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send in their own names for the new year, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are so low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared as a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price, but it is the policy and the prerogative of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions; and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

OUR PAPER.

At the Magazines for January have shone forth in unusual splendor, we have concluded to give our readers a sample of their sunshine—they will, therefore, find in our outside columns, selections from the four principal ones, viz., Graham's, Godey's, the Ladies' National, and the Union.

It is an advantage that the newspaper press enjoys—that of skimming the cream off the magazines, and this advantage our readers find the benefit of, in the numerous selections we make from the periodicals of both England and America. In fact, our subscribers, as a body, get the best stories that appear both in the foreign and domestic journals and magazines,—to say nothing of the news and miscellaneous articles.

"The Doctor to His Student"—we warn our readers to control themselves while reading the poem with this title, on the first page, or we will not be answerable for the consequences. It is one of the prettiest and most touching things that has appeared for many a day, and will cause one natural gaffaw from Maine to the Valley of the Mississippi. We have contagious powers, brilliant of the Lawyer's wooing, which shall find a place in our next paper. We ought not to have told this last, however, as it may prevent the lawyer from laughing as freely at the doctor's case, as they otherwise would.

CHRISTMAS.

The merry Christmas time is once more with us, dear readers. Truly, it seems but the other day, when we sat down to indite a heart notice of the Christmas a twelve-month ago. And yet to whole year, with its winter, and spring, and summer, and autumn, has rolled along since then, and left us once more at the white portals of another one.

Such seasons seem to be appropriate opportunities to direct a fleeting moralizing upon our readers; but who can moralize when he is not in the vein? We, for one, cannot—we cannot string out a long homily as dry "as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," when our heart is full of other and far different matters. We like best to moralize, as to sigh, when we feel like it. Perhaps New Year's week we shall be in the mood: but, however that may be, of one thing we are sure, and we are not in the mood now. So, dear readers, we will just wish you a merry Christmas—and scores of Christmas yet to come.

TREATY COMMISSIONERS.

There have been several rumors from Washington of late, to the effect that the President contemplates the appointment of three Commissioners to proceed to Mexico, and endeavor to negotiate a treaty of peace. The last rumor comes in the shape of a proposition, which if it should was refer to Bishop Hughes, during his visit to Washington, to proceed to Mexico as a private capacity, and endeavor to persuade the Mexicans, as the accused rather humorously expresses it, "of the sincere affection of our government for the South, and the earnest desire to do them good." It is stated that the Bishop declined either a private or public mission.

It seems to us useless to send any Commissioners to Mexico, until Congress comes to some decision as to the most favorable terms which, so far as the United States is concerned, a treaty could be arranged. If the above proposition, or a similar one, be held, decide that the line of the Rio Grande, excluding New Mexico, and including Northern California, would satisfy them as the future boundary of the Republic, we think it most probable that Mexico might be brought to assent to such terms, offering as a consideration for them the pecuniary interest men of the country. If the American people, however, are determined to insist upon the possession of New Mexico as a condition of their willingness to make any further propositions for peace at present—and we do not believe that Mexico will consent to yield up that province, until at the last extremity of her national existence.

If, however, neither of the above named episcopals is that which Congress intends to take, but rather the intends with the Wilmot Proviso ground, of "no more territory," then there will be hardly any use of sending any Commissioners, ambassador, or anybody else to Mexico, for a Treaty of Peace, in such a case, like the rest of school, would exhaust "what the itself."

All in all we, however, very uncertain what ground Congress intends to take, and very doubtful whether the Senate and the House will be able to come together upon any ground, to think it probable that all these rumors of Commissioners to be appointed, have very little foundation.

AN OUTRAGE.

Intelligence has been received from Fort Mann, to the 20th October, giving the particulars of a shameful massacre that had occurred there. The American troops had invited a number of Pawnee Indians into the Fort, who, upon some slight cause of quarrel, were set upon, and seven killed and twenty wounded, by Col. Gilpin's men. This fiendish outrage was committed during the absence of Col. Gilpin.

HEREDITARY DISEASES.

In a recent biographical notice of Dr. Andrew Combe, the celebrated writer of several works upon the principles of Physiology, the following paragraph occurs in relation to a subject discussed by him in one of the works in question:

"Though endowed with all the gentle qualities and domestic virtues, and with a mind of the highest moral agreeable, Dr. Combe scrupulously refrained from matrimony, and would not have reckoned as a happy man, though he had married the most amiable and by a clerical benefactor. His motive will be found in an opinion of what he terms the hereditary transmission of disease. Except for the which he had a most ardent love, he might have created and lived to the age of fifty, and died! This, it seems to me, is the question in a nutshell—if reasons were written upon the subject, the most substance of the whole matter would resolve itself into a plain, practical question of this character.

"In truth, if there be any one to marry under who have no physical or mental or moral infirmity, who will be bold to marry at all? In a physical inference worse than sin! If one sees shall not inherit from their father of entailing hereditary bodily disease upon his children, shall another marry who feels the taint of bad passions and evil desires, upon his innocent wife? That children inherit the latter from their parents, is proved by the same logic as that they inherit the former. Once more, we ask again, according to this doctrine, can marry!

"We do not believe in this way of regenerating the race. It is akin to that of the Spartans who murdered their feeble infants, and then doubtless joined to rescue some of the lustiest children that ever were sent from Heaven to that people. What genius, what science, what poetry and prose and song would not the world have lost, if the doctrine promulgated by Dr. Combe had been the faith of mankind even for the last five centuries. Some saintly and sensitive souls would have died unused now—those Popes and Keats and Johnsons and Chattertons, and scores of others who will not be mentioned, if we had time, or was it necessary to search them out,—what treasures in their lives, buried and lost even before they for the new dawn of light, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are so low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared as a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price, but it is the policy and the prerogative of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions; and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

OUR PAPER.

At the Magazines for January have shone forth in unusual splendor, we have concluded to give our readers a sample of their sunshine—they will, therefore, find in our outside columns, selections from the four principal ones, viz., Graham's, Godey's, the Ladies' National, and the Union.

It is an advantage that the newspaper press enjoys—that of skimming the cream off the magazines, and this advantage our readers find the benefit of, in the numerous selections we make from the periodicals of both England and America. In fact, our subscribers, as a body, get the best stories that appear both in the foreign and domestic journals and magazines,—to say nothing of the news and miscellaneous articles.

"The Doctor to His Student"—we warn our readers to control themselves while reading the poem with this title, on the first page, or we will not be answerable for the consequences. It is one of the prettiest and most touching things that has appeared for many a day, and will cause one natural gaffaw from Maine to the Valley of the Mississippi. We have contagious powers, brilliant of the Lawyer's wooing, which shall find a place in our next paper. We ought not to have told this last, however, as it may prevent the lawyer from laughing as freely at the doctor's case, as they otherwise would.

CHRISTMAS.

The merry Christmas time is once more with us, dear readers. Truly, it seems but the other day, when we sat down to indite a heart notice of the Christmas a twelve-month ago. And yet to whole year, with its winter, and spring, and summer, and autumn, has rolled along since then, and left us once more at the white portals of another one.

Such seasons seem to be appropriate opportunities to direct a fleeting moralizing upon our readers; but who can moralize when he is not in the vein? We, for one, cannot—we cannot string out a long homily as dry "as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," when our heart is full of other and far different matters. We like best to moralize, as to sigh, when we feel like it. Perhaps New Year's week we shall be in the mood: but, however that may be, of one thing we are sure, and we are not in the mood now. So, dear readers, we will just wish you a merry Christmas—and scores of Christmas yet to come.

TREATY COMMISSIONERS.

There have been several rumors from Washington of late, to the effect that the President contemplates the appointment of three Commissioners to proceed to Mexico, and endeavor to negotiate a treaty of peace. The last rumor comes in the shape of a proposition, which if it should was refer to Bishop Hughes, during his visit to Washington, to proceed to Mexico as a private capacity, and endeavor to persuade the Mexicans, as the accused rather humorously expresses it, "of the sincere affection of our government for the South, and the earnest desire to do them good." It is stated that the Bishop declined either a private or public mission.

It seems to us useless to send any Commissioners to Mexico, until Congress comes to some decision as to the most favorable terms which, so far as the United States is concerned, a treaty could be arranged. If the above proposition, or a similar one, be held, decide that the line of the Rio Grande, excluding New Mexico, and including Northern California, would satisfy them as the future boundary of the Republic, we think it most probable that Mexico might be brought to assent to such terms, offering as a consideration for them the pecuniary interest men of the country. If the American people, however, are determined to insist upon the possession of New Mexico as a condition of their willingness to make any further propositions for peace at present—and we do not believe that Mexico will consent to yield up that province, until at the last extremity of her national existence.

If, however, neither of the above named episcopals is that which Congress intends to take, but rather the intends with the Wilmot Proviso ground, of "no more territory," then there will be hardly any use of sending any Commissioners, ambassador, or anybody else to Mexico, for a Treaty of Peace, in such a case, like the rest of school, would exhaust "what the itself."

All in all we, however, very uncertain what ground Congress intends to take, and very doubtful whether the Senate and the House will be able to come together upon any ground, to think it probable that all these rumors of Commissioners to be appointed, have very little foundation.

AN OUTRAGE.

Intelligence has been received from Fort Mann, to the 20th October, giving the particulars of a shameful massacre that had occurred there. The American troops had invited a number of Pawnee Indians into the Fort, who, upon some slight cause of quarrel, were set upon, and seven killed and twenty wounded, by Col. Gilpin's men. This fiendish outrage was committed during the absence of Col. Gilpin.

CONGRESS.

Congress has as yet done nothing of importance. Some few resolutions, however, have already been introduced, bearing upon the all important question of our relations with Mexico. The most important are two series introduced into the Senate, the first by Mr. Dickenson of New York, the last by Mr. Calhoun. The first series, those of Mr. Dickenson, are as follows:

Resolved, That in organizing a Territorial Government for any territory belonging to the United States, the principles of self-government upon which our democratic system rests will be best provided for by leaving the people thereof perfectly free to adopt and regulate their own domestic institutions, and the conduct they strengthened, by carrying into effect these principles, that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall be introduced into said territory except in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon the General Government the power to suppress insurrection and rebellion, and to conquer and hold territory as a means to that end, and can be justly exercised in all cases where the power is necessary for the purpose, and that, neither in such acquisition nor in the territorial organization thereof, can any conditions or restrictions be justly imposed not necessary for the object for the acquisition, inconsistent with the principles of free government, or with the character of the people thereof to form a free sovereign State, *with the powers and privileges of the original States in the Confederacy.*

The resolutions of Mr. Dickenson, it will be seen at a glance, are intended to favor the annexation of the whole country, without any reference to the question of slavery. The last are the very reverse of these, and are intended to favor the annexation of such portions of Mexico, only as may conduce to that end, and can be justly obtained; and that, neither in such acquisition nor in the territorial organization thereof, can any conditions or restrictions be imposed, such as, inevitably be provided for or established, inconsistent with the principles of free government, or with the character of the people thereof to form a free sovereign State, *with the powers and privileges of the original States in the Confederacy.*

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Resolved, That true policy requires the Government of the United States to remove all legal and commercial restrictions upon this continent, and to establish commercial relations with Mexico, as may conduce to that end, and can be justly obtained; and that, neither in such acquisition nor in the territorial organization thereof, can any conditions or restrictions be imposed, such as, inevitably be provided for or established, inconsistent with the principles of free government, or with the character of the people thereof to form a free sovereign State, *with the powers and privileges of the original States in the Confederacy.*

Resolved, That no line of policy in the further prosecution of the war should be adopted, which will not look to the speedy restoration of peace.

The resolutions of Mr. Calhoun are *supposed* to be developed a little more fully in a series offered by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, in the House; which latter declare, in substance, that it is expedient to secede all territory beyond the Rio Grande, as constitutive of free States, to which all our citizens into New Mexico and California, and our vessels into the ports of Mexico, reciprocal rights and privileges, and that the Government of Railroads to San Diego and say towns in New Mexico and California, and that the President Mr. Calhoun will develope his ideas in full, when he comes to speak upon his resolutions. It is not known whether he will continue an advocate of the "Line Policy."

Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, has also introduced a series of resolutions, which declare against the establishment of a peace, upon the basis of an entire free trade between the two Republics—claiming that the Mexican war was forced upon the great and egress into New Mexico and Upper California, the privilege of holding land, carrying on trade, &c. The Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa is to be kept by the United States as a pledge of the punctual fulfilment of the treaty.

Every indication seems to warrant us in believing that this session will be one of the most important since the days of nullification.

HUSBAND VS. WIFE.

The Detroit Daily Advertiser tells a queer story, the substance of which is as follows: It seems that a man recently died, and left a tavern about five miles from that city, missed recently from his trunk about $600, in specie and bank notes. He immediately suspected his wife, and a search being had, a good reason to suspect his hostler, together with a neighbor and the neighbor's wife, of the theft, had them arrested and put into jail.

And now comes the cream of the story. The hostler, in his own wife acknowledged before the Court that she had, in order to supply, without the knowledge of "chick or child," and more, had it all locked in keeping. The Court decided to tell where it was, but she decided she would do no such thing. The Court hinted at a commitment for contempt. She told them to go ahead—that she would go to jail—would lay there as long as they could support her in those quarters—would die there, if need be, sooner, rather than tell where the money was.

She claimed that the money was *her own*, and took it as such, and meant to *keep it, too*; if anybody could help themselves, let them do it. A commitment followed, and she was taken to jail—the next point—whether it amounted to a theft, it being her husband's money, and whether she was guilty of larceny, as the law stood, or not, she exculpated the three accused, by shouldering it herself, and now who was on trial?—or was there any trial? The Court was completely nonplussed by a lawyer," and she didn't think it very good law that a person should be obliged to tell everybody their business, unless they no longer than to steal it." Lawyers looked blank—the Court wasn't quite "up to the right;" the woman was perfectly resigned to her fate, whether it was the court's or otherwise—reiterating that she should keep the money, and that no one should get it from her more the case, and all concerned. The whole affair being generally considered one of the best exhibitions of the truth of the poet's lines on record:

"For of she will, she will—you may depend on't
And if she won't she won't—so there's an end on't."

COMPLIMENTARY.

Capt. B. M., who hails from Kennebunk Port, away down East, in the State of Maine, writes to us as follows:

Mr. Editor:—Enclosed is two dollars in advance for the Saturday Evening Post, for 1848, which you must continue to send to my wife, and to my family paper that is printed in this country. Although not personally acquainted with you, I rejoice every success in disseminating true morality, by a wide circulation of your Family Paper.

Capt. M., it is evident, has sailed the seas long enough to know a good craft when he comes across her, and to steer her head, my hearty!

But not only the bound seas, represented by Captain M., but the Lakes, too, have a kind word for the Post. The Lake Country. If we are destitute of news and unable to collect any from other sources, we can always fall back on the Post; and this reminds us that we have been remiss indeed of late on these shores in supposed to have forgotten our subscription, until a day or two since, when it reached us "just in time" to receive the latest army intelligence, and a first rate story for our next issue. Then, too, the Lakes are not all an Eastern paper, will find the Post in every respect equal, if not superior to any other.

And to crown all, the Methodist Protestant, one of the best conducted religious papers in the country, says:

The Philadelphia Saturday Post.—We continues to a strong partiality for this sheet. There is a freshness about it, which, we think, is not to be seen in our best conducted weeklies. The Editor has a peculiar knack at selecting matter for his columns, and a happy manner of arranging it. The mechanical execution is also very good. We know why we put in the above compliments? Not that we are vain—we assure you, 'pon honor. But to confess our weakness, we like to see anything of our own favorably performed, to make some little effort to extend the circulation of the Post among your friends, as "the best family paper (these are the words we remember, not ours,) in the country." Will you compound us?

HOW THEY DO IT.

A Washington letter writer gives the following account of the remarkably methodical manner in which the Senate elects its committees. The committee persons to the election, the Democrats, having a majority, hold a caucus and nominate the Democratic members of each committee. The Whigs do the same. Then, in the open session, one or three Democrats who are to constitute the majority of said committee. The Whigs also have their nominees, and these, as a matter of course, are voted for. They, therefore, pointedly opposed the election of the Democratic nominees, which is also as convenient. Which request he obeyed immediately, leaving the room with quite a cool fallen appearance. We have not heard whether he has been astounding any of the Daguerreotype establishments, with the hideous display of features he made to us. Poor human nature!

BAAL WORSHIP.

Our readers doubtless will be so much surprised as we were, to learn that the worship of Baal is fast was carried on in the Isle of Man until these last years ago. The celebrating the anniversary of that pagan god by the kindling of Baal fires, being observed in that island as late as the 1st of May, 1837. A trial, equivalent to one for witchcraft, was went on in the same manner before a jury of its inhabitants, in December, 1845. On this occasion, while a poor woman was in the course of being asked if she ever came *in any shape or form* to do John Quine an injury, she left a cake in the Court, when all became confusion, and the jury, with eyes staring, hair on end, and mouth distorted, exclaimed, "The witch! the witch!" nor was the uproar quieted till one of the court seized and killed the animal. These facts are derived from a recent history of the island, published in England.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The editor of the New Orleans Bee, says that all the portraits of General Taylor resemble him, though none "fully catch the play of his features, or individualize his countenance sufficiently."

The General's progress in the Mississippi was marked by the same enthusiastic demonstrations that welcomed him at New Orleans. A committee of the citizens of Natchez waited on him at Baton Rouge, with an invitation to visit their city, which General Taylor promised to do on his return from Mexico.

In reply to a toast tendered him at New Orleans, General Taylor said, in the course of his remarks, he felt that he was born with thousands of admirers. He also wished to say, that he was a soldier by the band—each one to look for at least once upon the features of a man, who, by the principles in Mexico, preserved an unruffled countenance, in the midst of the fire of battle, and was walking with the worthy Alderman ——, of the First Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Calhoun, who looked as if he had gone through the wars, with a thoughtful and indignant air, and one of the bowing his way through the crowd, when at last the Alderman overtook him, and said:

"Sir," said the Alderman, "don't you see that you're bowing and bowing on my arm, as aged and infirm! Why do you bow so?"

"Why, sir," said I here, exclaimed the intruder, as he drew back into the air, "why, sir, why? It is not one of the old man! Just let me look into his *dearest* eyes for one moment, and I'll tell you why I bow so."

The proposal was introduced to the General without delay, after which he went on his way rejoicing.

THE NEWS.

The last news from Mexico is more favorable than we had any reason to expect. The election of Anaya to the Presidency, and the retirement of a resolution in the Congress, forbidding the Government to make peace with the United States, relying the alienation of Mexican territory, indicate, perhaps, the growing strength of the peace party. We must not forget that the latter vote is perfectly consistent with the terms offered by the Mexican Commissioners to Mr. Trist, and that he did not deem it liberty to accept.

There has been a report that Santa Anna was to be given the head of affairs, but there seems to be no foundation for it—except that he is said to be busily striving to overturn the Government.

General Scott has commenced his march upon the Army in future, *in port*, upon the enemy. Rents are not to be paid any more, though provisions, forage, &c., are to be furnished.

ITALIAN FREEDOM.

In the Senate of New York have unanimously adopted a resolution expressing their deep sympathy with the efforts now making to ameliorate the condition of the Italian people, and their admiration of the liberal course of Pius IX. The Governor is requested to transmit a copy of the resolution to the Pope. The House will undoubtedly concur with the Senate in this matter.

It is to be hoped that we should always be ready to show that their hearts are with the oppressed of every land. And upon this 13th day of the head of the Catholic church, to the great body of Protestants is nothing; as a just temporal Prince, a great Reformer, and an honest Man, he is worthy of their admiration, their sympathy, and their love.

AT IT AGAIN.

We could not control our risibility, when in looking over the last number of the Saturday Visitor, we came across the following, which we think will be equally as amusing to our readers as it was to us. We would advise the Visitor to confine itself to the legitimate, and not to attempt to be funny, unless the longer than the average ale of persons not afflicted with any particular tendencies to pulmonary diseases.

And here we may be allowed to suggest an inquiry, which, though it cannot be answered with any degree of certainty, may be with a strong degree of probability. Had the author of the Bible Comabe would ever have done so much good in the world, by his own confessions, were it not for his irregular health and physical well being, had he not himself been one of the afflicted ones? It is not probable that, if he had been constitutionally of a hearty man, he would have contented himself, as so many other hale, hearty men of good natural powers do, in practising his profession, and not succeeded it from others, without troubling himself to inquire into the truth or falsehood of old remedies and doctrines? It is impossible for us to put these questions with certainty; and yet we think the common sense and experience of mankind will be disposed to answer them in the affirmative.

We have been sometimes pointed to the specials of a young girl, on whose cheek a hectic flush, like the first crimson tints of the Autumn, denoted the progress of decay, and the opposite of that chill wind of death which should soon shake her from the parent bough. And we have been asked if such a sweet, mournful sight, and of it were better that such beautiful frail beings should never be born into the world? But we have not so read the great mystery of existence, as to estimate the value of a life by its length, or to think that the Almighty can be so frugal of the human germ as the model of a loving circle of friends, as not often productive of more good than her consistence among them. While man is so imperfect as he now is, so prone to forget the spiritual—burying it beneath his numerous earthly cares and material desires—it may be a most blessed Providence that he should be continually reminded by the loss of those most dear to his soul, how fragile and brittle a thing is time, how earnest and awful a consideration is eternity. The grave, too, might wear to our low earthly vision a more forbidding aspect, were it not constantly done, the old, decrepid and withered to its bosom, were its dread gates never hallowed to our sight by the passage of the young and the beautiful to life.

In conclusion, then, of these desultory remarks, we would remind our readers somewhat after the views of Dr. Combe. We acknowledge the solicitudes of his self-denial, but we believe it based upon a mistaken sense of duty—a sense of duty having its origin in a comparatively low and material view of life, from which the spiritual and immortal have sprung all those kindred branches of thought, which seek to improve the world rather by cutting down the tree than by pruning it, and to subdue man rather than by justice or love, by death and by darkness, rather than by a larger measure of life and light.

AN INCIDENT.

Next door to the office of the Post is Collins's Daguerreotype Establishment. One day not long since, as we were sitting at our desk in our private room, busily engaged in inditing an editorial, the door opened, and a rather poorly dressed man entered, saying he wanted to have his likeness taken. He was informed that the operator was out to lunch but had got into the wrong shop, that Mr. Collins's next door, and that he would find him there. Instead of heeding us, he drew down his upper lip very curiously over his lower one, and putting on a most solemn expression of countenance, he replied that he was not in the habit of going to such places, but that he would like to have his likeness taken. We then informed him that we were busy, and that we had no time to spare, for death and by darkness, rather than by a larger measure of life and light.

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SENSIBLE PROPOSITIONS.

It is said that the special committee appointed by the House of Representatives, to which was referred the message of the President, will recommend among other things a Tribune for the speakers, similar to that now used in the Senate Chamber. They will also, it is said, recommend that a register be kept, in which every member shall subscribe his name, on the day of taking his seat, and vote for them, and the thing is done

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Our Correspondents

DO SNAKES CHARM?

The facts given by our Georgia correspondent, A. N. S., in the following letter, seem to prove conclusively that snakes do possess the power of charming. The last instance mentioned by him, will be "nuts" for the believers in Animal Magnetism. We confess it goes ahead of anything we have read lately, and is fully up to any of the snake stories told by Goldsmith. Our correspondent must have used either his memory or his fancy to discredit his statement; for we do not. So many strikings and almost incredible circumstances of heretofore been proved to be true, that we are very cautious how we deny the possibility or even probability of anything. But listen to A. N. S., ye incredulous ones.

MR. EDITOR:—As to whether snakes charm: seems to be a question of much interest, and as I have been pleased to call on me for an instance of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, I will submit a few instances among many that could be related—if you will take as "authentic," the testimony of men whose characters for respectability, truth and veracity, stand fair and unimpeached in our community. They are willing to be qualified as to the truth of their statements. The best testimony is certainly that which one derives from personal observation, with an eye to the establishment of certain facts put understood. So with those observers they have closely watched the actions of snakes while in the act of charming and have witnessed the result, as well as many other men around, and that of others in regard to the point in question; and here is their testimony.

A gentleman now residing in this place, relates the following—which fell under his own observation. He was engaged on his farm not a great way from two or three others, when their attention was arrested by a very loud screaming of a jay bird. They saw the bird upon a bush near the fence, flying quickly from one limb to another, but still gradually approaching the fence. At length it broke; occasionally, it would regain a limb higher, but the next flight would be lower again. It continued this alternate flight until it reached the fence, the ground—and was instantly picked up by a large black snake that lay at the root of the bush—and was soon swallowed up! The bird did not cease to scream, but was taken up by the snake, which evidently showed its unwillingness to submit to such a fate. But I shall not comment.

Another instance by the same authority. He states that he was out in the woods one day with his dog squirrels; he soon discovered one clinging to the body of a tree, with its head downwards. In attempting to shoot it, in order to get a nearer view, he covered the animal gradually moving down the tree; he still approached nearer; and observing that the squirrel, and no attempt to escape, or even being so near, too, he thought strange of it, and declined shooting at it—and seized it by the tail—drew it from the root of the tree; it then moved slowly off, lifting one foot at a time, and with its eyes apparently steadily fixed upon some object before it—before it. It moved in this direction but a few steps when it suddenly disappeared beneath a green spread on bunch of leaves. He dog up to the spot for closer observation, he saw the squirrel lying at the edge of this cluster of leaves dead. He kicked it over to see if it might be truly dead; and found he was alarmed by the rattle of an enormous rattle snake, which had coiled himself among the cluster of leaves before mentioned. He immediately stepped back, being satisfied then as to the cause of the squirrel's death, and unsuccessful in his endeavors. In a few moments the rattling ceased—and the snake was seen to approach the squirrel, coil it in its mouth and proceeded to the operation of swallowing it.

Another instance is related to me from undoubted authority, of a rabbit, which the gentleman had witnessed it, describes as being acted upon, in the same way as the squirrel, and how it was destroyed by the snake. Now it certain these animals were very bitten and thus died; for these reptiles eat nothing that they bite and poison. But I will relate but a number of other occurrences of this kind, upon good authority—but for fear I shall be too lengthy, I will conclude by relating one other, and that is, that no one, must remove every doubt from the mind of the skeptical upon this question.

A gentleman related the following as coming under his observation, and which he says is true so to me, but beyond his own observation he has confidence in him, yet the facts did occur. He was travelling in a road upon horse-back; a few paces before him, on one side of the road, he saw a large rattle snake with its head raised some distance from the ground, and looking, as it seemed, across the road, and apparently in the act of crossing. He sprang from his horse and took up a stick and struck the snake across the back, but slightly wounding it—at the same instant he heard a rattling sound on the leaves upon the other side of the road; he looked and saw a partridge lying with its wings spread out and appearing to suffer much agitation—he thinking at the moment that there was some connexion between it and the snake, he withdrew his attention from it, and gave the snake another blow with the stick—and to his surprise the bird again gave evidence of its suffering by the same painfully crying. This awakened considerable curiosity on the gentleman to know the cause of this very singular action of the snake, and he not only moved when the snake was struck. In order to satisfy himself fully, he stood by the snake for some third time, when the same thing occurred. He struck a heavy blow upon the ground near the snake, but not touching it; the bird was put to flight, but lay motionless. He struck again and again, but with the same result; again he struck the snake lightly, and the same manifestation of suffering was exhibited as at first. He then went to the bird and picked it up and examined it thoroughly, but found no evidence of suffering upon whatever; its breathing was very quick, and it had wings of from the 2 inches to 3 inches long. He placed it on the ground, and struck the snake as before, when the same signs were given by the bird—but weaker, as it appeared to him, from the wounds inflicted upon the snake, and thus reducing it near to death.

Finally, after witnessing perfectly satisfied that the bird was in some way under the immediate influence of the movement of New Mexico, he left it and the snake in explain—but he considered it as the effect of fascination. Holmes published a resolution calling upon the States to return the old surplus fund of the United States Treasury, and to which they were entitled, and to distribute it among the States according to their ratio of representation.

Mr. Pettit offered resolutions in favor of international improvements.

The time was passed by these resolutions on the table, and no division was called for.

The Speaker next had the divisions called for, and the vote for laying on the table one at a time. The vote of the House was then taken by tellers, and when the names was registered—ayes 82, nays 174.

The Georgia resolutions to clear the Hall of desks were laid on the table.

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A SNAKE DEN.

Our correspondent, R. A. S., is too late in his testimony as to the leaving qualities of snakes—we have settled that question in the affirmative, and it is no longer before the Court. The following facts of his letter, however, contain new and interesting matter:

I once saw a snake den, in the Laurel-Hill Ridge, Pa., from which three hundred copper heads were drawn and killed, and piled up in the road in one great heap. The snake den was formed by the frost thrust down, by the men collected for the purpose, among the leaves, and the snakes caught in the split of the rock. They were drawn up and killed in the number above stated; but the men became sick, supposed to arise from the poison contained in so many snakes, and left off their sport, leaving an unknown quantity of copper snakes still in the den. The copper-heads and rattle-snakes have been very numerous all across Western Pennsylvania, and the Eastern portion of the State of Ohio, in which latter State I have resided for the last forty-three years—at least so far as the freestone region extends. In the first settlement of this region of the Western country, the rattle-snake was to be found plentiful in every neighborhood and upon every farm; but in the course of a few years, the rattle-snakes were killed off through the region of country mentioned—the spure of the Allegheny excepted. I have not seen one for the last ten years. Not so with regard to the copper-heads—there are still some of them lurking about out farm yet, and occasionally some person is bitten by them. I was bitten myself by one of them, over thirty years since; it neither hissed before it bit, nor ever after.

The copper-head will usually lay fourteen eggs, which will all hatch without fail; as soon as hatched out the mother receive the young ones in their belly, where they are carried, and remain until they are more fully grown. The copper-head snake is a very small species of snake kind, and harmless. I have known as many as twenty-one young ones to be carried at one time in the belly of the old ones; as to how many eggs or young ones the rattle, garter, or black-racer snakes produce, I can carry at any time. The garter and black-racer and rattle-snake are the only two kinds, with us, said to have the power or faculty of charming, and the belief among the common people in the exercise of that power by the black-racer, is very strong, and if it be an error, it will require a long time to correct it. R. A. S.

Steubenville, Ohio.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

Nothing of importance transpired in the Senate, except the Hunt and Mexican resolutions relative to the War, by Messrs. Dickinson and Calhoun—which resolutions we have given at length in another place—until the 20th inst.

On that day Mr. Dix presented a memorial signed by the officers of the army at Pueblo, headed by Generals Scott and Worth, praying for the establishment of a retired list for the army, and a pension for the widows and orphans of those who fell during the war. Mr. Dix accompanied the presentation by some eloquent remarks in behalf of the objects prayed for.

Several Senators gave notice that they would, on a future day, call upon the Secretary for the report of which they named. Among them was one by Mr. Hannegan, providing for the establishment of a territorial government for Oregon.

Mr. Hale presented the resolutions of instruction adopted by the Legislature of New Hampshire in favor of the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr. Niles presented resolutions of instruction of the same character, adopted by the Connecticut Legislature.

Mr. Calhoun's resolutions coming up, he moved their postponement until the first Tuesday in January next.

Mr. Allen desired to know whether Mr. Calhoun had the report on the table accompanying the resolutions; he soon discovered one clinging to the tree; he still approached nearer; and observing that the squirrel, and no attempt to escape, or even being so near, too, he thought strange of it, and declined shooting at it—and seized it by the tail—drew it from the root of the tree; it then moved slowly off, lifting one foot at a time, and with its eyes apparently steadily fixed upon some object before it—before it. It moved in this direction but a few steps when it suddenly disappeared beneath a green spread on bunch of leaves. He dog up to the spot for closer observation, he saw the squirrel lying at the edge of this cluster of leaves dead. He kicked it over to see if it might be truly dead; and found he was alarmed by the rattle of an enormous rattle snake, which had coiled himself among the cluster of leaves before mentioned. He immediately stepped back, being satisfied then as to the cause of the squirrel's death, and unsuccessful in his endeavors. In a few moments the rattling ceased—and the snake was seen to approach the squirrel, coil it in its mouth and proceeded to the operation of swallowing it.

Another instance is related to me from undoubted authority, of a rabbit, which the gentleman had witnessed it, describes as being acted upon, in the same way as the squirrel, and how it was destroyed by the snake. Now it certain these animals were very bitten and thus died; for these reptiles eat nothing that they bite and poison. But I will relate but a number of other occurrences of this kind, upon good authority—but for fear I shall be too lengthy, I will conclude by relating one other, and that is, that no one, must remove every doubt from the mind of the skeptical upon this question.

A gentleman related the following as coming under his observation, and which he says is true so to me, but beyond his own observation he has confidence in him, yet the facts did occur. He was travelling in a road upon horse-back; a few paces before him, on one side of the road, he saw a large rattle snake with its head raised some distance from the ground, and looking, as it seemed, across the road, and apparently in the act of crossing. He sprang from his horse and took up a stick and struck the snake across the back, but slightly wounding it—at the same instant he heard a rattling sound on the leaves upon the other side of the road; he looked and saw a partridge lying with its wings spread out and appearing to suffer much agitation—he thinking at the moment that there was some connexion between it and the snake, he withdrew his attention from it, and gave the snake another blow with the stick—and to his surprise the bird again gave evidence of its suffering by the same painfully crying. This awakened considerable curiosity on the gentleman to know the cause of this very singular action of the snake, and he not only moved when the snake was struck. In order to satisfy himself fully, he stood by the snake for some third time, when the same thing occurred. He struck a heavy blow upon the ground near the snake, but not touching it; the bird was put to flight, but lay motionless. He struck again and again, but with the same result; again he struck the snake lightly, and the same manifestation of suffering was exhibited as at first. He then went to the bird and picked it up and examined it thoroughly, but found no evidence of suffering upon whatever; its breathing was very quick, and it had wings of from the 2 inches to 3 inches long. He placed it on the ground, and struck the snake as before, when the same signs were given by the bird—but weaker, as it appeared to him, from the wounds inflicted upon the snake, and thus reducing it near to death.

Finally, after witnessing perfectly satisfied that the bird was in some way under the immediate influence of the movement of New Mexico, he left it and the snake in explain—but he considered it as the effect of fascination. Holmes published a resolution calling upon the States to return the old surplus fund of the United States Treasury, and to which they were entitled, and to distribute it among the States according to their ratio of representation.

Mr. Pettit offered resolutions in favor of international improvements.

The time was passed by these resolutions on the table, and no division was called for.

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Clippings.

☞ The Emperor of Russia has ordered all the Poles to have their beards shaved off, preparatory to his visit to Warsaw. We should have thought Nicholas the last man who could wish to look a Pole in the face.

☞ Rev. Mr. Hewlett, of Astley, undertakes to marry all teetotallers, christen their children, and bury them and their families when dead, free of all cost and charges.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial thus notices the arrival of the Viennese children in Pittsburgh:—The Viennese children, in plaid tunics and plaid leggins, worsted caps, and frosty noses, marched up to the Henrie House, yesterday, preceded by five tiny-loads of baggage and a dachyshn."

☞ It is said that Cassius M. Clay's impression in Mexico, has made him look at least twenty years older. His hair has turned quite gray.

☞ The remains of Captain Walker are to find a resting place in Texas. They have arrived at Galveston, and were received by a concourse of spectators.

☞ The London Punch says it is not true that the English railway works are being stopped for want of iron, but the fact is that they are delayed for want of *tin*.

☞ Mr. R. Waldo Emerson is erecting much attention in Manchester and Liverpool.

☞ It is calculated that there are from ten to fifteen thousand persons connected with the newspaper press in this country. This includes all lands, from editors down to devils.

☞ Mr. Henry O'Neal, of this city, we learn, established a telegraphic station within fifteen miles of St. Louis. Of course he will, in a few days, make the connection between that city and Philadelphia complete, and we shall be within whispering distance.

☞ T. Buchanan Read, the artist and author, is at present in Newark, N. J., where he is painting a portrait of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, for the Newark Library Co.

☞ It has been decided that an employee on a railroad has not the same rights on a company for any casual injury as a passenger.

☞ The Court Martial for the trial of Lieut. Col. Fremont, has been in session all day, and part of yesterday, and done something at last that looks like energy and decision on its part. It has expelled the reporter of the Baltimore Sun, for stating that a question asked created "much merriment."

☞ John C. Calhoun, in a speech made some time ago in the Senate, said that "Slavery was the only thing that was the forbidden fruit of which we must not eat. The day we should eat of that fruit we should surely die as a nation.

☞ It is made known, by the official documents, that there are not less than two thousand three hundred women attached to the American army.

☞ Are the ladies aware that Leap Year commences in less than a month, when they can leap over all obstacles which custom has raised? Look out, old bachelors!

☞ In the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator, was condemned to cut open himself on all fours, and bark like a dog a quarter of an hour.

☞ In the Italian Opera, to those who neither understand the language nor appreciate the music, is not merely fashionable—it is incomprehensibly exclusive.

☞ The potato rot has appeared in the neighborhood of Galena, Illinois, and threatens to destroy a large portion of the season's crop in that vicinity.

☞ The English Courts in India have decided that when a child chooses to embrace Christianity, or even to repair to the Missionary schools to be taught, it becomes, on an arrest of the fact, and shall be denied reclaiming the child, if it has arrived, in their opinion, at years of discretion. Heretofore, if under eighteen, the child was restored to its parents.

☞ The First African Church (Baptist) Richmond, Virginia, as said to be the largest body of communicants in connection with a single congregation, in the Union, being two thousand four hundred and seventy.

☞ A Mr. William Heaton, of New York, has received a cylinder one inch in diameter, upon which a newspaper can be printed at once, and very rapidly.

☞ Accounts from Newfoundland are very gloomy. The failure of the potato crop, and the nearly returns of the fishery, have reduced the people to a state of famine almost.

☞ An elastic ball-room of immense proportions, divided by sliding panels to advance or retire according to the number of visitors, was lately built in Paris for the winter.

☞ Victor Hugo, the Hyperbolic, the great chevalier, "is caused by a putrid sanital poison, and that poison is destroyed by chlorine gas, and a heal of the dog disappeared.

☞ In Acrelaury the sale of decks realizes £15,000 a year; in Norfolk and Cambridge the sale for farmers; per their own stuff; the sale of their poultry; in Kent and Surrey £300,000 is received for poultry. It has been proved that a hen is more profitable than an ox.

SOME NOTICES OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JANUARY, 1848.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—The January No. of the Book" has been received. The number is the first of a new volume, and is a very handsome one. Embracing it one of the most perfect specimens of its kind we have ever seen. Godey's Book is one of the most popular periodicals of the day, and deservedly so. Every Number, we think, exceeds our expectation for excellence. Its literature is of the highest order, its fashions, four plates in each, are perfect gems. It is printed on fine paper, and its typography is beautiful. The Number just received contains a splendid Mezzotint Portrait of Jenny Lind, a beautiful Steel Engraving, a Frontispiece, and a Plate of

Selected Poetry.

THE TRUE HEART'S ASPIRATIONS.

I would be true!
Oh, not to know the anguish
Of being first a deity enshrined,
Then, when the flowers fail to pay homage,
Stripped of each grace that fancy round me
twined!

Not such the lot I crave,
I would be true!

Not to bright summer weather
A vassal, subject ever to breathe;
But fair and trustful still in the storm-cloudy
gather,
And shrink life's unresisting doom beneath,
Feeling when needed none.

I would be true!

To lose all selfish feeling,
In the rare thought of thee, for dearer one!
To study every look thy will revealing,
To make my voice's ever-varying tone
The music of my heart.

I would be true!

When sickness'll only oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch,
Waking—no soothe, to comfort, to caress thee;
Sleeping—my lot is dead each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be true!

When vested by worldly custom
To visor thee with affection's constant cave,
To say thee 'neath the borders of thy lawns,
By showing thou how deeply them art dear—
More dear in thy darkness.

I would be true!

Gently and unreplying
To bear with thee when clouded and spirit-worn,
The hasty word, the speech reproach, denying
But by the not submission which is born
Of confidence that loves.

I would be true!

My world in thee to centre,
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and lasting
thought!
No wish beyond the home where thou should'st
enter
Ever anew to find thy presence brought
My life's best joy.

I would be true!

Not passion's wild worship,
To show thee, fitful as the changing wind;
But with a still, deep, fervour, tide-devotion,
To be to thee the thought-love of mankind—
For this would I be thine!

Selected Articles.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

We copy the following item from Donovan's Adventures in Mexico:

On the evening of May 19th, two American officers, belonging to some of the volunteer corps, attended the Cathedral, where certain services were held containing the vows at the Convent of San Francis, situated in the western part of the city. The Cathedral was filled, as usual, with a large crowd of the faithful, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, when they were dispersing, two officers lingered in the church, gazing at the expensive ornaments. As they were also in the act of retiring, a nun, who remained behind the rest of the sisterhood, made a sign to the officer who was slowly following his comrade, the she desired to speak to him. Returning to the nun, a dialogue ensued, in which Latin, Spanish, and a few words of English were used.

"You are an American?"

"I am, madam, and but recently from that land of Yankees."

"I presume, sir, you are a man of honor and discretion?"

"Those qualities, aided to courage, make up the composition of an American soldier."

"Are you willing to render me an important service?"

"You have but to command me."

"I will not conceal from you that the service I ask from you bears, requires not only discretion, but extraordinary intrepidity. Knowing this are you still willing and anxious to act?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Very well; when you hear the Convent bell strike twelve to-night, be at the side gate; I shall be there to open it, and on your knocking three times, you shall learn what it is that I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?"

"I shall be faithful if I live."

"Well, I will depend upon you, sir!"

They parted, and the officer re-joined his companion; and as they pursued their way to the American quarters, related to him what had transpired, and asked him if he should fail to appointment. The other advised him to do so by all means, and for fear of accidents offered to accompany him to the gate at the appointed hour. Supposing the affair to end in some innocent adventure so common in Mexico, and taking it for granted that the lady had been suddenly struck with his personal appearance, the officer, with a companion, repaired to the gate, according to agreement, and upon giving the concerted signal the entrance was opened by the nun. The chosen officer entered, without the least apprehension of fear, and was saluted by the nun.

"You are truly a man of courage and honor and are entitled to my warmest gratitude."

After conducting him to her cell, where a lamp was burning, she politely invited him to sit down and prefacing two bottles, requested him to take a glass of wine with her—a request which a man and a soldier is not apt to treat with indifference Filling him a glass out of one bottle, she took a little herself out of the other, and after he had saluted his, she told him to go to the opposite end of the bed from herself. The officer, still innocent obeyed, when the nun addressed him:

"Well, we are all alone—is my door bolted—look?"

And at the same instant, to his horror and amazement, she discovered to him the dead bodies of a Monk, whose clothes she had worn and stained with blood while she continued:

"The favor I require of you, after take this bottle you shoulders and convey it beyond the gate of the first court. Obey instantly, or your life shall be in peril, for if you attempt to escape it will shoot you through the head. I know," it added, "that my own life will be the forfeit, for after dispatching you, I leave a pounce for myself —the same with which I stabbed that miserable Monk."

Seeing no other means of escape, the officer took up the body, and accompanied by the nun, who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he had entered, and on issuing from it, threw down his horrible burden at the feet of his companion, who was waiting for him, and to whom they both supposed would terminate in a love intrigue.

After recounting to his friend the almost incredible adventure in which he had been engaged they both resolved to communicate the circumstances to Gen. Scott at once; but they had not proceeded only a short distance from the Convent, when the officer who had brought out the body, began to complain of the most violent and excruciating pains. He soon fell upon the pavement and died.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

While we claim for Yankee ingenuity superior speed of locomotion, we are surpassed with our old father John Bull, we must own that, in respect, the latter has much regard for the rights and comforts of his children. That Cousin Jonathan does not so consider They are to be sure, not knit over carriages through woods, and everywhere as with us, in order to economize room, but the cars are roomy, well built are substantial, prompt in keeping time and conducted by servants who make it their business to serve the public well. Whatever passengers complaints may enjoy in the bowlings and Gardenade, they cannot deny the public nor the government, and why should they? Besides these charges at the compartment, and laugh him to derision Directors attempted, but many to their sorrow, to play the game "do as we please," grading their charges and lotion of Railway, the public, and abusing the worse as often nor as they chose. The public complained of the government, and Parliament set about correcting the evil. The most important regulation was the penny fare should furnish a certain distance, each day, say for instance on the London and Barming ham road, a third class of cars at one farthing no one shall more than for the conveyance of the pen. Those are called "Government cars," and the price per mile is regulated by the Government a one penny. Rain or shine, be the crowd great or small, the cars must be regularly attached. there is but a single passenger, he can claim at the proper hour a car, which the imagination likewise does not refuse, unless he wishes to incur a heavy fine, a suit for damages by the individual claiming the car, and perhaps forfeiture of the charter. Such is the Government power by Government, and these corporations created for the public benefit. At first the Directors were left to select the hours for the third class trains, and attached them rather early in the morning or late in the evening, to the detriment of the poorer classes of travellers, but Government soon corrected this opposition, and forced them to adopt reasonable hours. They also commenced with open uncovered cars—this too, when shortly succeeded by the English Rail-roads are in fair subjection to the public. As regards insurance. If smile, they are carried free, accompanied by Post Office guards, the losing one of the stipulations, in chartering the roads, and a just one, too. If Government grants peculiar privileges to corporate bodies, it is entitled to some return. Under this arrangement an English mail train might as well consign its charter as to refuse to carry, or leave a mail behind, unless warranted by the Post Office. When shall we have some such regulation in this country upon our overbearing and public defying Railway corporations? Will Congress and the State Legislators look to it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

A writer in the Chronotype, who has begun a series of letters, descriptive of the foreign "Critical" writers in this city, thus gives us his following description of Dickens, at whose house he visited in company with the Hutchinson Family. He says:

On the night in question, Dickens was "at home" in a few select friends who were invited to hear the "American Vocalists" pour forth their rich melody in song. "Jesse," the elder brother who accompanied the party, was a friend of the host, and accordingly went at me'—the rest of us being invited to spend the evening, went at half past eight, on condition that at ten the Hutchinsons were to be served in the top of the mode, after which we were introduced into the drawing-room, amid the splendor and glitter of beauty and fashion, gorgeous furniture and sparkling jewels. The dinner party had not come to when we were first introduced, but about nine o'clock it made its appearance, consisting of Dickens, Douglass Jerrold, Macready, old Samuel Rogers the poet, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and our Jesse, who supplies me the latter as we were not introduced to each other. You know "Jesse" has a way with him.

The books with which the numerous shelves were lined, were splendid and bound as only English binding can be. The room was long around with the finest of paintings. The furniture was in perfect keeping, and the rare materials was manifest in the extreme—rich but not extravagant, gay but not costly. Old Ben Johnson, Goldsmith, and such like, would want some rekindle to their round, to make it look like home. In olden time, goblet and garrets were closely allied,—*Punch.*

Dickens, after dinner, is a man of facial contortions, free from ought, or thereabouts, with a twist in his mouth—the birth place of Oliver—and a most beautiful head of hair, rather under size, of fine proportions, and with a world of vivacity and animation. In point of looks, Jesse, who has also a twist—though in a different feature—will compare favorably with Dickens or indeed with some man! Dickens, on this occasion, was very sociable, chatting with us strangers by turn, and trying to make us feel at home, though I could help noticing that he preferred the company of my Lady Norton, and well he might, "for in fact" she's a charming woman," and "a fellow" feeling makes us wondrous kind," they both being a genius for their talents, and also, for reading them, too, and naturally like to talk over.

Even Dickens is not a man that would make a great sensation in a crowd, if his great name didn't go before him—in fact, the handsomest part of him is his white head of hair, which is rather above three, or less, and in the highest style of English beauty, which parishes more of the adolescent and voluptuous than of the delicate and refined. Mrs. Dickens, as well as her husband, gives evidence of her not-considerable beauty, and "Jesse" says she and "George." As for the little "Boxes," I think I never saw two finer children—they looked as if they would "eat" you up—so nearly were they dressed. They do know how to dress children in London.

As for Mrs. Dickens is no ways remarkable (oneself—in fact, English gentility don't dress much. An English "Lord" is generally as plain as a plow stuff in his personal appearance. You can tell their "extra locks" into their living; an Englishman's "extra locks" answers a good purpose the moment he sees it! and he is pretty sure to use one every day. Dickens, by virtue of his "literary genius" was not to be outdone in these arts, not such as tailoring mean'ent, that will "stay lawn" by their own specific gravity, but such as "literary genius" can do, and he has given a good deal of *liquid condiment* to make 'em digest. In consequence of which, and not accurately," he is not as fat as he was once, and it's to be hoped he never will be again! He still wields a vigorous pen, however, and would study each other's work points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them.

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless the attracts, there is nothing to keep busy bodies, late boarders, from flying off into space.

Wives, be lenient to the martial eager. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle.

The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a word "where bottom" to her conversation. Let the husband who would attain the privilege of saluting the lips of his wife without notice, remember this when his wide hairs at a new banner. The wife's want is the husband's opportunity.

Notwithstanding the assertions of mathematicians, the marriage-ring is a circle which husbands only have the problem set them of making all square.

COMICALITIES.

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the machinery in motion. Somebody, who was thinking to quit him, asked if he had heard the news? "Nah't I know on," said he, "what is it?" "Why," replied the other, "they say the devil is dead." "By jings," said Jonathan, "is he? Who tends the mill then?"

Nothing makes a young man who is generally impervious to blushes, so ashamed of himself, as being caught at Quarters' Confessional, over the will of the father of the young lady whom he is courting from a feeling of the purest affection.

A letter before old gentleman was reading the particulars of an accident at sea. The vessel was struck by a prodigious wave, and "the last that was seen of poor Frazier he was clinging to the side of the hay, and going over and over." Convex, the old fellow, with the courage of a man and the courtesy of a gentleman, here interrupted the narrator, and asked, with a face and tone expressive of the largest satisfaction, "I say, sir, I suppose that it was his intention to *send the hay up?*"

TO A VERY SHORT LADY.

You're exceedingly short—but no one denies.
But pre-eminent Stature is not in the wrong.
Were matter how much you may wish to increase
It is more than made up by the length of your tongue.

National Anxiety, &c.—" Potomac," the Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, says—It is suggested that one of the new war vessel should be named Capitol, inasmuch as think they have discovered, and absent which they write so much for the newspapers, may be Centinel, by way of a hint that it is time for it to be on the lookout for the enemy. Or, if it is thought best to name it after some battle, they will have no objection, by way of the way, is not a very *brilliant* one. A song says that the pole which bears the light aloft, and only needs the necessary red and white stripes running around it, to show that there is where the people of the nation get *chased*.

Kate—Can you tell me, Charley, what are an," said a young man to a friend whose appearance was rather poverty-stricken —" come and see me in my new lodging. I overlook a boarding school of the prettiest girls—so I pass the whole day at my window, and have hopes of being before long—you understand?"

"My poor fellow," said the friend, lapping his hand on his shoulder affecting the slightest sentimentality—"My dear fellow, I have been living five years close to the beach at France—but you see it has done no good."

The Exception.—A gentleman boasted that he had drank two, three, or four bottles of wine every day for fifty years, and that he was as hale and as hearty as ever. "Pray," remarked a bystander, "where are your born companions?" "Ah!" he quickly replied, "that's another affair. If the truth be told, I have buried three entire generations of them!"

Our Picture Gallery.

FESTIVAL OF SANTA ROSALIA.

A brief description of the Sicilian festival of Santa Rosalia, may not, in this festive period, be uninteresting to our readers. Henri, from whose work on Sicily the above engraving is taken, minutely describes the festival as he witnessed it in 1778; and during a lapse of seventy years—particularly as Sertin in alterations of national character,—this description, with allowances for variations in the accessories, may be taken as a description of the festival, as celebrated at the present day. "The festival," says Hallo Rua, "begins in Palermo nearly a fourth part of the population of the island, and vents the municipality about sixty thousand crowns. The interest that the Palermo's feel for the rocks and of all ages take in the vain show, the luxury that prevails, and the importance attached to it, fully justify the opinion that the Sicilians are the most Greeks, who were so devoted to ceremonies and religious festivals, flows still in the veins of the Sicilian people.

The festival is celebrated in the month of July, and lasts five days. The weather is most usually delightful, for though the heat is great during the day, the evenings and nights afford the inhabitants the most delightful and agreeable opportunity to enjoy the promenades, illuminations and fireworks. Rain, that great enemy of processions and fetes, seldom disturbs the festival of Santa Rosalia.

On the first day, the car, the construction of which used to be an annual source of intense solicitude, and which is always built after a new model, is brought out in grand procession. It is generally a huge machine, about eighty feet in height, and carries a great number of musicians in the orchestra of the car. Above the orchestra, in a sort of gigantic statue of Santa Rosalia, of massive silver, magnificently clothed. The car is decorated with shrubs and flowers, and is drawn by a long string of mules, richly caparisoned.

At an appointed signal, the procession sets forward, moving slowly, amid the shoutings of the populace. Entering the town, it traverses the principal Cassaro, the main street of Palermo, the ludicrous and wonders of every house being crowded by well-dressed and excited guests. As the procession does not take place till the afternoon, evening closes in before it is well over; and then a new scene commences. The principal streets are brilliantly illuminated; fireworks on an extensive scale are exhibited; and the whole population are out enjoying themselves till two and three o'clock in the morning. "For," says Henri, "it is not with festivities, and merriment that the Sicilians honor the Saint, but with songs, fireworks, and rejoicings of every kind."

On the second day of the festival there are horse-races. The procession of the car, illuminations and fireworks are the main features of the amusement of each afternoon and evening; but there are also some variations in each. The horse-races are repeated on three or four days. There is usually an equatic excursion, and abundant firing of cannon; and on the fourth evening the cathedral is lighted up with many thousand wax-tapers, adorned with flowers, and crowded with people. On the last day of the festival, the procession of the car, and the fireworks terminate. All the priests and monks in Palermo join in it, bearing the shrines of the saints from every church; and then, with "fountains of fire," illuminations, and various rejoicings, closes a festival which the Sicilians regard as the most magnificent in the world. The huge and ugly statue-group, the men in armor, and the Gog and Magog of the London Lord Mayor's show, are comparatively insignificant in comparison with the car of Santa Rosalia.

CAPE MAY.

We were much amused at an incident that took place in the Cape May House, the Cape, as lady and gentlemen were walking on the beach, the former carrying a lap-dog. A boy ran up to them, saying—"Mister, I'll carry it for you, ma'am." "No, sir," of course, that no lady would carry a beast for the mere love of it, and that her purpose, being so near her home, was to save it.

It is amusing at the celebrated watering-place, for a gentleman to call and ask for what? what attention is paid by little minds to "the lady who has her own carriage." "How is Fanny to-day?" says one. "She is better, and has gone to the blacksmith's to be shod!" We found out that one of the horses, instead of a child, was the object so solicitously inquired after. "Has Flora got over her fall?" "Quite. The application of Kellogg's Liniment, which we always carry with us, has done her much good."

The place where she sits on the sofa is constantly surrounded, and a desire are eager to run for a glass of water if she be but "overcome" by a slight shiver. And why all this attention? To get a chance to be noticed by observing the lofty of others.—*Godey's Book.*

Fun and Frolic.

MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of inferiors to the husband. He who is determined to fight to get it then they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep busy bodies, late boarders, from flying off into space.

Wives, be lenient to the martial eager. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle.

The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a word "where bottom" to her conversation. Let the husband who would attain the privilege of saluting the lips of his wife without notice, remember this when his wide hairs at a new banner. The wife's want is the husband's opportunity.

Notwithstanding the assertions of mathematicians, the marriage-ring is a circle which husbands only have the problem set them of making all square.

COMICALITIES.

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the machinery in motion. Somebody, who was thinking to quit him, asked if he had heard the news? "Nah't I know on," said he, "what is it?" "Why," replied the other, "they say the devil is dead." "By jings," said Jonathan, "is he? Who tends the mill then?"

Nothing makes a young man who is generally impervious to blushes, so ashamed of himself, as being caught at Quarters' Confessional, over the will of the father of the young lady whom he is courting from a feeling of the purest affection.

A letter before old gentleman was reading the particulars of an accident at sea. The vessel was struck by a prodigious wave, and "the last that was seen of poor Frazier he was clinging to the side of the hay, and going over and over." Convex, the old fellow, with the courage of a man and the courtesy of a gentleman, here interrupted the narrator, and asked, with a face and tone expressive of the largest satisfaction, "I say, sir, I suppose that it was his intention to *send the hay up?*"

TO A VERY SHORT LADY.

You're exceedingly short—but no one denies.
But pre-eminent Stature is not in the wrong.
Were matter how much you may wish to increase
It is more than made up by the length of your tongue.

National Anxiety, &c.—" Potomac," the Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, says—It is suggested that one of the new war vessel should be named Capitol, inasmuch as think they have discovered, and absent which they write so much for the newspapers, may be Centinel, by way of a hint that it is time for it to be on the lookout for the enemy. Or, if it is thought best to name it after some battle, they will have no objection, by way of the way, is not a very *brilliant* one. A song says that the pole which bears the light aloft, and only needs the necessary red and white stripes running around it, to show that there is where the people of the nation get *chased*.

Kate—Can you tell me, Charley, what are an," said a young man to a friend whose appearance was rather poverty-stricken —" come and see me in my new lodging. I overlook a boarding school of the prettiest girls—so I pass the whole day at my window, and have hopes of being before long—you understand?"

"My poor fellow," said the friend, lapping his hand on his shoulder affecting the slightest sentimentality—"My dear fellow, I have been living five years close to the beach at France—but you see it has done no good."

The Exception.—A gentleman boasted that he had drank two, three, or four bottles of wine every day for fifty years, and that he was as hale and as hearty as ever. "Pray," remarked a bystander, "where are your born companions?" "Ah!" he quickly replied, "that's another affair. If the truth be told, I have buried three entire generations of them!"

From the Union.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

WESTERN SKETCHES.

The Hard Winter.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

It is a common saying, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives," but it is a saying which can be understood in two ways who do know. To be the occupant of a comfortably home, will never give one an idea of the condition of the families in the country, where everything depends directly upon the operations of nature in their season, and no provision in or can be made for the contingencies of the weather upon which affect the very sources of life. We hear of famine in Ireland, and our blood curdles; can we believe that such a thing is possible in a land of that famine sometimes arises? Where everything that can be desired is brought to our doors, it is difficult to conceive that distance in some cases almost insurmountable, even under the spur of the most urgent necessity. But so it is, and we can even suffer from want! But many a Western settler can testify how possible it is to be hungry without money in one's purse, and to see the cattle dying of want while the necessaries of life are to be found in the next town! Indeed, in the early days of the Western country, an uncommon degree of forethought and exertion is required to secure a family against the severity of winter, where means are ample. We have known a family laid accustomed to all the luxury that belongs to the class of planters in the South, reduced to be reduced to Indian meal as sole substance for a full month, and the coming of a bushel of potatoes as a feast!

Deep snows—long drought—freshets—a broken bridge—a marsh overflowed—a mill-dam broken—either of these will, in some circumstances, cause incalculable inconvenience, if not distress. Loss of provisions or cattle—or many accounts. Money is scarce; mills, being few, rather good fed enough; houses are small, and afford but little room for accommodation; and there is no provision. All the circumstances and habits of the country are adverse to that quiet regularity and economy which a state of society like the North requires. The result is a dependence upon expedients, almost amounting to recklessness. The only good thing about it is a certain brotherliness, the result of similar experience. The habit of borrowing and lending—generally the latter—is carried to a more dolicate degree, it is yet acquired to a commendable degree, in time. We to the fastidious! They have nothing to do at the West! They must fly or die!

One of the most prominent of our Western recollections is the "late winter," with the thought of which we began our article. It succeeded a long drought, and it was one'clear, so that the grass was all dry as it was cut, and the streams ran dry in almost nothing, in some parts of the country. Everything was stern for man and beast, but upon the poor cattle the distress fell most heavily. Necessarily had been in some degree foreseen, and great numbers were destroyed by starvation in the woods. Bearing the world upon his shoulders.

My mouth is a treasure I keep under lock.
And in my teeth doth lament dwell.
My words may be uttered on Fortune's wheel,
Where hogs do grunt and pigs do squeal!

A PUZZLE.

We find the following puzzle "for the Boys" in the Ohio Cultivator. Our readers need not send us an answer. They can easily perceive whether they have succeeded in solving it:

My apple orchard contains 256 trees, 72 of the trees are all good apples, and the rest are all sour. Now I want all of best the other, all sweet trees, and all the sour apples to be by themselves. How can I do it? I have a wagon that will only hold 64 trees at a time. I ordered both trees—sour and sweet, and would like to have them in the orchard. I have drawn a map from the above description, but they can't do it. Let your boys try it. BUT THEY CAN'T.

CONUNDRUMS.

Ep. Why are fish in a thriving state like fish made of brass?

Ans.—Because they are hearty (fish at (artichoke.)

Ep. Your wood cut, has dog with bow; is not your bow, behind, the same as your one side of him, then where did he go?

Ans.—On the other side

Ep. Why are lovers' sighs like long shocking?

Ans.—Because they are high (sow, (though he's)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA
The Declaration of Independence

ENIGMA.
Washington.

REBUS.
Daniel. Lincoln. Webster. Calhoun. Union.—David

The Olio.

Rum or a Rattlesnake.—Dr. Lee, of Hartford, Conn., who has practiced extensively at the South, states that he has treated five cases of rattlesnake bite, and all of them successfully. His remedy is alcoholic liquor—either rum, brandy or gin—given in large doses. A half pint every fifteen minutes, making a quart in an hour, is not too much, to be given as soon as possible after the bite. This remedy has been used at the South in a great extent, and has never been known to fail of a cure. The liquor absorbs or destroys the fatal virus, and never administers the subject so long as the virus of the reptile is in the system.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 8, 13, 5, 4 is a river in Russia
My 2, 10, 4, 5, 6 is a river in Prussia
My 3, 1, 2, 8, 4, 5, 9 is a town in Brazil
My 4, 9, 12, 10, 11, 5 is a town in Maine
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 4, 5 is a town in Maine
My 6, 3, 9, 6, 5 is a town in Scotland.
My 7, 8, 6, 5, is a river in Ireland.
My 8, 4, 5, 10, is a city in Russia
My 9, 10, 7, 3, is a county in Georgia
My 11, 13, 7, 11, 6, is a town in Maine
My 12, 8, 3, 4, is a county in South Carolina
My 13, 9, 6, 1, 9, 7, is a county in Michigan
My 14, 8, 1, 9, is a city in Venezuela.
My 15, 5, 6, 6, 3, 14, 15, is a river in Maine.
My 16, 10, 12, is a town in England
My 17, 15, 11, is a town in Oregon
My whole is the name of the author of the enigma.

FLORAL CHARADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

My white-gloved first will lounge to-night
While your box in Palmo's, lady—
My second rises with the sun
Our desert-smile and pain graces sandy

My whole's both feminine and abstract,
Both sexes and both genders claim it,
Count D'Orsay, and the simplest flower
That grows for poesy's maiden's eye.

II.

My first, the Venus of the flowers,
The theme of every minstrel—
My last is greenest isle of ocean
Sweetest of all sweet flowers

My whole is "for remembrance" sure
By lover to the maid,
When he sets sail o'er stormy wave
For gentry, or for trade.

ENIGMA.

My first is the nickname of a hive,
If so accustomed to wear it most thing.
As kings will do. The worst of sin is,
Its pet to death Dr. Wilcox knows.
I said a nickname, but instead of that
The word abbreviation were more pat.
My last is a vowel,
Found in every rank and station
My whole was up to some end or other,
A considered would bend him in

REBUS.

My first a British poet was,
And sometimes he was non compos.
My second was an ancient seal,
My third had many points of speed,
My fourth will what good liquor is,
My fifth will sing the tune of rain,
My sixth was loved by Mungo Park,
My seventh is a tuneful bird,
And my eighth held them tuneless deed;
My whole has carried on Fortune's wheel,
Where hogs do grunt and pigs do squeal!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

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The Declaration of Independence

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CURE FOR A COLD.

The editor of the Maine Farmer, who is something of a philosopher also, says, "we live in a hyperborean region, and consequently, where 'colds' are of frequent occurrence, especially at this season." The following is learned pronunciation, therefore, which we take from an old blank home volume, published in the year 1403, may be of service to some of our readers:

"Put your finime in hot water,
As high as you can bear,
Wrappe your loode up in flannells
As low as you dare,
Take a spunke of rasid grunke,
When in bede, as a dose:
If that don't helpe you,
Wail sellere your nose."

The Shelley Family.—Bysshe Shelley, the grandfather of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, was born in Newark, North America, in 1731, accordding to Capt. Medwin's recent memoir of the poet, and died in the last North British Review. "He began life as a quack doctor," went to England, was away with an heiress; after her death he married Miss Sidney Perry, heiress to Penshurst, the estate of Sir Philip Sidney; and was raised to the baronetcy in 1806, and died in 1815. We have heard it said that Temple, the author of the Magazine and other popular books, the recognized head in fact of a "school of modern poets—lived on this town early in life with his father's family—who were residents for a few years only. The brick block fronting the north end of the Park was built for an English family of that name some thirty years ago.—*Newark Advertiser.*

Saving a Penny.—Mr. B——, of Frankfort, who married an actress, and is also engaged as a writer for a newspaper, called on Mr. Jerrold, the wit, was lately sent for by the principal editor.

"My dear sir," said the latter, "some one has sent me five loads of wood, about a small part of it is serious clay. I wish to ask whether the following retation would be a good one?

"First year, corn, oats, and, mangeled and ploughed in the spring, about five inches deep. In the fall, after the crop comes off, cross-plough some two or three inches deeper than the first, and you have the action of the frost may pulverize a portion of the subsoil.

"Second year, oats or barley, or both, with three parts of clover seed to one of timothy.

"Third year, green fallow with peas or beans, followed by wheat with timothy and clover, half and half—two bushels of seed per acre. All the grass and manure another round with manure and corn, as before.

"Although my land is pretty good for wheat, I prefer a main plan of farming, to any particular branch exclusively."—*Albany Cultivator.*

A FEMALE FARMER.

The second premium for the best cultivated farm in Litchfield county, Ct., was awarded the past season to Mrs. Vesta Hewaine, of Watertown. The farm contains 160 acres. It has been under Mrs. Hewaine's management for the last ten years. The duties of examination say —" It is divided for the present season into twenty-two acres of meadow, one hundred and fifty acres of corn, oats and rye, and a half of rye, two of buckwheat, a half acre of potatoes, seven acres of woodland, and the remainder of pasture and fallow. The meadow is in good condition, and the season is estimated as follows: Fifty tons of hay, two hundred bushels of corn, one hundred and thirty-three shocks of oats, and one hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes. The stock kept on it this season consists of seven cows, two oxen, and twenty-six calves raised this season; two horses and fifty-six sheep. This farm is conveniently laid out into fields, and is in a good state of cultivation. The fences are in good repair, and together with the buildings, presents a neat and tidy appearance."

Rye in Wales.—The Maine Farmer doubts that fungi are the cause of rust in wheat. He thinks the epidermis bursts, the sap runs out, and the seeds of the fungi lodge in the pores. The use of a powerful achromatic microscope would convince him that this opinion is error; for by it the circle of the fungi, and regularly formed organs plants are not only seen, but their thickly crowded, unequal heads are most clearly discerned through the transparent epidermis, while it is bursting upward from the presence of their growth, and before it can burst open.

Protection per Worth.—Recent experiments indicate, that instead of ploughing three times for wheat, as is usual with summer fallows, it is much better to plough but once, and that in the fall, and done in the best manner, that is, very deep, and with very narrow slices. The time when this work is done, is of no consequence, as to the crop, but of character. Weeds complete, spring-tilled, harrowed, and the land is ready for the seed. Where it is to be limed first, the lime was given up by his parents, and he was educated in active practice twelve years, and the remainder in theory.

Dr. W. Bailey, Newburyport, N. C., states as follows: "I have used your Vermifuge in my practice over Wood County, combining whether any benefit would be derived from it in cases of Cholera. The case was complicated Consumption. He came to being much worse after eight days' use of it, and I am a new man, and I consider it a duty I owe to the public to say that Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry has done for me." I will publish my case if desired. Yours, with respect, &c.

SYMPATHY.—Is the first principle of FASHIONS AND TASTES Assertion are published quarterly by A. T. Stewart & Co., 341 Broadway, N. Y.

This work embraces a system of Garment Cutting on a new principle, which is said to be simple, easy, and perfect. The first number for 1847 is before us, and contains a variety of useful information, and many beautiful engravings of the latest fashions. The publishers are also the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel, in this city, which is said to be conducted in a manner worthy of this highly popular system and publication; may believe it to be a first-class establishment. Mr. A. T. Stewart is a gentleman of the highest character, and his name is a guarantee for the excellence of his publications.

Mission N. A. S. A. F. W. Ware—Sir: I have tried Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry, and find it to be the best of all preparations of the kind. Signed, Moses B. Ferry.

Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry.—Dear Sir: I have used your valuable medicine for the last year, and can say that it is the best medicine I have ever used in my family. Signed, Mrs. Oxford, N. J

AND NEW YEAR VERSES.—

g year sighs has brought
you lines around,
young, a season fraught
pleasure profound.
to read the present time,
rule to render,
our small tale little rhyme,
wish you what to do.

friend that is young and fair,
an elsewhere land of hair,
propriate present you can give,
Essential Bloom Concentrate,
ty, and simply simple,
with most natural principle
skin (the nurse's milk between us)
up, or the Rose Divine de Vénus,
rance with Glass tie,
's Chinese Powder buy;
lip, or cheek, or chin,
or forms is drawing in,
order will the post remedy,
you her friendship or her love,
or she scolds her, her Eye Abolisher,
h, in two classical rows,
ith a box of Lyon's Tooth Paste.
have friends who suffer from tears,
cold in the grieving corner of eyes,
send her wisdom which saves real,
or has silvered o'er his head?
ell's Hair Dye to him bring,
here dark as in the raven's wing,
his eyes with pleasure gleam,
with a box of Shaving Cream.
pe of every kind and name,
the best Powders, known to fame;
ory, Lip Salve, Almond Paste,
e's-foot to suit every taste:
ean Milk, Bead Tablets, and so forth,
ve (if time) let us go forth,)
ord Allwood's Pantry which bring
on all the Rest in reality,
this and ev'ry other clime,
d stop, 'twill take up too much time
undoubtable puffs—but we'll say, in fine,
ything in the Perfumery line
Articles, for young or old,
per than they'd elsewhere sold
Gentlemen's Dressing Cases,
-Glass Toilet Vases;
Ornaments, just imported,
beautifully assorted.
Cases, beautiful to view,
overflowing with odors of the best,
mellin 'dank of '—Araby the blest,"
hon Figures, for mantel or table,
ain't enough the writer is not able.)
, French Powder Puffs and Bones,
of the horns of oxen and steers
ake (if ivory and tortoise shell
and fine Tooth Combs we can sell,
for the neck, and nails and hair,
Articles, too numerous to mention
we call the public attention.

EL has just received a most beautiful
ENCH TOILET ORNAMENTS and
LES, and as he has imported them
ores he can sell them at lower rates
had elsewhere. To those who attend
to their friends, an excellent opportu-
nothing could be more appropriate
ful articles. He has also on hand, be-
lected articles for the Toilet, a large
RENCH PERFUMERY and other
itable for Christmas and New Year
JULES HAUEL
Chemist, No. 199 Chestnut st., 4 doors
outh side dec 18-2t

000 READERS OF THE POST.
TO WHICH HONOR IS DUE.

It
may truly be
ed, that no one has
ore extensively used in con-
e and cure, which has done
ore for his fellow mortals, to ach-
, and remove the fearful ravages of Bronchitis and
Disorder and Progenitor of that most
ular family medicine, Dr. SWAYNE'S
OR WILD CHERRY, and none has been
ounced by the Profession and others,
ary and in Europe, nor has there ever
n effort in the short space of only six or
deserve the confidence and unbinding,
NIALS of various kinds, by various
ing the name of WILD CHERRY and di-
ent from the Genuine, which are
ost the lack of the law, and one of the
gross on the common perception of the
the BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, has
ose to caution the public against the
ursion, Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP
RY, which is doing so much good at the

ARE OF SUCH IMPOSTURE.
ow that the *original and only genuine*
ed by DR. SWAYNE, which is the only
ed by him, and has received the
ost attention to the Practice of that
which led to the great discovery —
ores of thousands of the first unsolicited
ed success of Dr. Swayne's Com-
Cherry for the cure of
CONSUMPTION!
Spitting Blood, Liver Complaint, Trou-
the Throat, Nervous Debility, Weak-
Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Pain
Broken Constitution from various
of Acidity, Stomach Derangement, &c.
other preparation of Wild Cherry
most empirical can satisfy themselves
of the above, by a little inquiry in Phi-
provincial cities is prepared only by Dr.
phia. The Balsam and other spurious
Cherry has been sold out and re-sold
ugglers are obliged to resort to Patri-
ervert to under their own out of it.
TICE.—That owing to the extensive and
demand for my article, I am forced to
large quantities, and have not time to
the small orders, necessary for which a
ve received, and vagabonds living on such
DR. H. SWAYNE.
Cherry, deemed utterly hopeless, have
ed the great superiority of this medicine
of the present day. Below we give a
from a catalogue almost without end
ers, No. 76 Chestnut street, permanent
e symptoms were of the most exacting
coughing, spitting blood, leanness,
ppetite gone, and his strength had so far
he was given up by his physicians and
s soon as strong and hearty a man as he

ckson street' standing—J. W. KNIGHT,
between Third and Fourth, Cincinnati,
ence answer, his disease increased in
the remedies he could hear of until he
E. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP
HERRY, which performed a permanent

ers, Frankfort, Ky., says—I was in-
bruise of the most potent expectorants
in our Materia Medica, in acute cases of
to my task. I was so much pleased at its
and subsequent trials, that I now pre-
preference to all other remedies. I have
in active practice twelve years, and this
Medicine I ever brought strength of
upon a wreck.
Pierce, Wilmington, N. C., states as fol-
ended upon a friend of mine to try a bottle
Cherry, deeming whether any benefit
ed, for he as well as myself thought he
dered Consumption. He came to me
will quote his own language—"Sir, I
ve to tell what Dr. Swayne's Compound
Cherry has done for me." I will pub-
ers. For ladies particularly a permanent

LISTEN TO FACTS—Thousands
and openly declare that they have never
much benefit from any medicine as DR.
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD
or Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Spitting
ing or Rising in the Throat, Nervous De-
Pains in the Side and Breast, Liver
Sore Throat, Croup, sores and all public
Ask your neighbors what relief the many
ained from using this valuable
by DR. H. SWAYNE, Inventor and
sole owner of EIGHTH and RACE Sts.
All Wild Cherry preparations having
ordinary and counterfeit without having
oct 10-3m
AYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP of WILD
and wholesale and retail by the following
Thurston & Co. No. 104 and 106 Fulton
Fort; E. H. Stanton & Co., Sackett, Mc-
Rochester, N. Y.; Messrs. Hall, Sawyer, Mc-
Lagrave, Mc. ; E. D. Hunter, Cincinnati;
Pelt, Columbus; Manley & Tuttle, Mc-
Andrew Glover & Co., New Orleans; E. Hol-
N. Y.; Mrs. L. Kohler, No. 100 Court
M. Phillips, Wilmington, Del.; L. K. &
West Chester, Pa.; M. Lutz, Harrisburg
Jno. Lancaster, Ryser & Co. Reading;
Lancaster; Simon Barr, Bethlehem; J. K.
Pa.; Allison & Gault, Concord, N. H.;
Portland, Me., and by all respectable
throughout the United States.

TO TAILORS.
PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS AND
ASSISTANTS are published quarterly by
WARD, No. 61 Walnut St., Phila. Pa.
encloses a system of Garment Cutting
Particulars Sheets, invented by Allen
ed by him June 16, 1851. The present
the sole and successors of the patentee
in perpetuating the wide spread fame of
publications and publication, may be seen
ted testimonials of which the following
brief specimens:
Lynchburg, Va., April 7, 1847
A. & A. Fashions, which I have tried
Cutting and have not seen one I think
(Signed) Messrs B. Pearce,
Newnan, Ga., March 25, 1847
your system some 15 years, and can say
any other now published for accuracy.
G. W. Vannay.
Oxford, N. C., Sept. 30, 1847
I rule for some time, but ceased to use it,
upon that some of the new Fanciful seasons
a better purpose, but I had work to do
made too often to suit me. Allen's
Wonder contains more
the fit of Gen. Z. Taylor, Gives At-
great pleasure (together with that of Gen.
Mex. That is considered the most
ever offered to the trade. Terms $5.00
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